

63
A
TRIP TO CALAIS;

A
MEDLEY MARITIME SKETCH:

B E I N G T H E

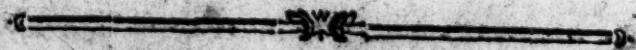
POETICAL PROSAICAL PRODUCTION

O F

TIMOTHY TIMBERTOE, Esq. *de*

DEDICATED TO A

D U C H E S S.



L O N D O N:

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E R R A T A.

Page 11, line 16, For *pleasing* read *pleasant*.

17, 24, For *pleasingly and prettily* read
pleasing and pretty.

24, 3, For *desert* read *dessert*.

27, 6, For *tries* read *hies*.

29, 10, For *Ricolets* read *Recolets*.

19, For *gentlemen* read *gentleman*.



TO HER GRACE THE
DUCHESS OF * * * * *

May it please your Grace,

A T first view it may appear odd, and perhaps indelicate, to inscribe a *maritime* sketch, to an ennobled female personage ; but the title I hope will apologize for my presumption. Where could my little inoffensive *trip*, undertaken for pleasure, and pursued without vice, find a more suitable Patronage ? If I have tripped over prudence in commencing author, I shan't be the first in that predicament, nor need I blush when I have such an abundance of eminent companions in *tripping*. Do not church dignitaries often *trip* over religion, lawyers over justice, physicians over health, Brokers hop out of Change-alley, and *trip* over honesty, while criticks not only *trip*, but wilfully tumble over merit ? Now I mention critics ; let no person above the degree of a water critic, attack my pamphlet ; no D.D.'s or LL.D.'s from Aberdeen presume to anatomize, because my observations are so near home—Your Grace will excuse this occasional parry of critical spadres, which like those of Portugal stab a man in the dark or back. I have asked no premium to suppress this piece, nor ask any for my dedication ; I am personal without scurrillity, and as I disdain pecuniary advantage

vantage obtained by unworthy means, so I wish no further emolument from my publication than what the public will allow, and innocent amusement may merit. I presume your Grace is clear, that a voyager need not visit Otaheite for luxurious dances, licentious manners, useless shells, or unessential plants: but that you'll agree with the author, that we traverse the globe for baubles, and treasure up trifles with childish avidity. In my short *trip*, the lying spirit of a MANDEVILLE, and other magnifying travellers, might have galloped forth on the pegasus of falsehood; but I am simple enough to like truth; and therefore offer her quite unadorned to others.

Though your Grace has been long conversant with a court, I hope the unfashionable dame will not be an unwelcome visitor, especially as she has whispered in my ear, that the Duchess of ***** is benevolence itself.

Such a heart compensates ten thousand *trips*, and must furnish your Grace that happiness, which misapplied riches cannot acquire.

I am your Grace's

respectful, tho' whimsical,

obedient humble servant,

On board the
HAWKE,
at the
HOPE.

TIM. TIMBERTOE, Esq.

A

TRIP TO CALAIS.

“**W**HAT,” said a friend of ours
one evening over a bottle,
“go to Calais in that small
vessel ! “ The reply was given by one
who was fond of sailing, and pleased
at the thought of such a trip ; “ Yes,
Sir, why not ? A small and sound ves-
sel is much better than a large and
leaky ship ; besides, we have on board
many conveniencies, such as cases for
cordial, lockers for liquor, slips for
sleeping, fire for frying, and place for
provision ; and if you seem the least
inclined for such a trip, pray let us
know to-night, and get ready to em-

B

bark

bark to-morrow morning ; for we flatter ourselves with the hopes of a very pleasant salt-water tour, and should be very happy to have you of the party."

Here our friend paused a little, and said, in a doubtful tone of voice, and with a serious look, " You know, Tom, I am fond of sailing, and like the company that's going ; and as I have never been in France, should be very glad to see that too.

" But no words can command the winds, nor can any prayers give pity to the waves, therefore not choosing to lay myself under an obligation to beg a favour on my knees, either of Æolus or Neptune, must beg leave to decline this briny excursion, by keeping myself as safe as the sound soil of *terra firma* will admit."

We were very well satisfied with our friend's answer, and gave him up to his own opinion, which every man has a right to enjoy, and by way of
re-

retaliation took ours, which was a determined resolution to set off for France the next morning.

There our friend paused a little and said in a doubtful tone of voice, "You know I am fond of sailing, and like the company that's going; and as I have never been in France, should be very glad to see that too."

"But no words can command the winds, nor can any prayers give birth to the waves, therefore not choosing to lay myself under an obligation, I beg a favour on my knees, either to Jolus or Neptune, must beg leave to decline this briny excursion, by saying myself as late as the found of terra firma will admit."

OUR JOUR-
B 2

We were very well furnished with our friend's sails, and gave him a little of our own provisions, which he carried off with him. Here

A A T A R I P

J O U R N A L.

SATURDAY, the 22d of July, 1775.

THIS morning embarked on board a small vessel about seven tons burthen, called the Hawke, lying at Black-friars bridge.

At ten A. M. got under way.

It being calm, we had nothing but the assistance of the tide, which at noon conveyed us a-bread of Cuckold's Point, the horns bearing S. Being all single men, not one of us was shocked at this forked *insignia* of connubial incontinence.

At two P. M. a light breeze sprang up at NNW.

At three came a-bread of Woolwich town; sent the boy on shore with a jolly boat for sea necessaries.

Here

Here the Judith, a sailing boat of the Cumberland fleet joined company, lashed along side, and all hands of each vessel dined together, and were as happy as roast beef, wine, punch and ale were capable of making us.

At half past four, set the cross jack ; light airs.

At noon, a-breast of Erith town, the church bearing NW by N. Here a pleasant breeze sprang up, and as the way of our little vessels was refreshed by the wind, so were our spirits exhilarated with the wine, which created some light and merry conversation, such as joke, pun, repartee, and song. One of the company gave a song, which was applicable to the time, place, and season ; and as it is new, it may not be disagreeable to the reader ; the words being written to the tune of a sea song, in a piece called The Trip to Portsmouth.

SONG.

S O N G.

Tune, Come bustle, bustle, drink about.

I.

Ye lads of lightness, listen now

To what I have to say ;

If levity's a pleasing theme,

Then let us all be gay.

C H O R U S.

Now let us drink, and joke, and quaff,

And mind not serious things :

As Momus did, so let us laugh,

At what each genius brings.

II.

'Gainst lightness, let the old ones preach,

And all their sense combine ;

But they will be as light as we,

When prompted by good wine.

III.

By way of toast I'll finish this,

And wish to please you all ;

May Momus keep the curtain up,

Till Nature lets it fall.

After

After the song, this light songster gave us what he calls a sentiment; but I fancy the generality of our readers will think it too light for a sentiment; and as it bore so great similarity to the song, the company were pleased, and gave applause to the thought. The toast was, "May we cast off the surtout of stupidity, put on levity's livery, and pass through life in the garments of gaiety." We had a lively and merry conversation till ten o'clock, when we came a-breast of Gravesend town, the church bearing SW.

Brought too with our kedge anchor; light airs and lightning. Here the captain went on shore for second jibb, and returned at eleven; weighed and got under way in company with the Judith, wind ENE; warm and sultry showers.

SUNDAY 23.

At four A. M. in Sea reach. The Judith sent her jolly boat with parting compliments, she returning to London.

At half past four came to anchor off the Blyth, being obliged to lay till the tide served to carry us down. Here we amused ourselves with sleeping for a few hours, it being a sweet and necessary refreshment either by sea or land; and it happening to be a fine calm morning, we were not interrupted from tasting this soft blessing of Nature's bounty.

At ten, being high water, all hands turned out, weighed, and got under way, the Grain Point bearing ESE. A scene of canine distress now offered to view; a large ship dog swimming in the sea, deserted, as we suppose, by the ship he belonged to; being touched with tenderness for the poor animal's distress, sent the boy with the jolly boat, and took him in.

At

At noon a-breast of Yantlett creek, the island of Sheepy bearing SSE. a light breeze at SE.

At half past twelve the breeze freshened, struck top mast; at two we past by his Majesty's ship Mars, which was lying off the Nore, to take in impressed men for his Majesty's service.

At three, a fresh breeze from the SW. at twenty minutes past six, made the Reculvers in one. At half past nine, came into Margate harbour; all hands went on shore, and staid all night. At this place we left one of our company behind, he not chusing to go on the French coast.

MONDAY 24.

At ten this morning, all hands went on board, and got out of the harbour with a pilot for the French coast, wind SE.

C At

At eleven, a-breast of Kingsgate, the North Foreland light-house bearing SW. by S. passed by the Dutton East Indiaman, bound upwards.

At two P. M. came close to Ramsgate pier-head; a pleasant breeze, wind SW.

At three, the wind encreasing, set second jibb, and took in first reef of the mainfall.

At four, went through the Downs; found riding there, a Dutch East Indiaman, Lord Byron's and Lord Ferrers's sailing yachts, and the Wells and Greyhound cutters, wind WSW. a fresh breeze, the South Foreland light house bearing SSW. At half past five, the wind decreasing, let the reef out of the mainfall.

At seven, came into Dover harbour; all hands went on shore, and staid at the King's head tavern all night. After supper the evenings being long and pleasant, we agreed to take a walk round the town. Passing

T O C A L A I S. II

ling by a little ale-house just by the sea beach, we heard an extraordinary noise, which induced us, by way of curiosity, to enter the house; where we found four or five smugglers, dancing, singing, blasting and swearing.

As new scenes of life give fresh food for the mind, we quietly sat down in the same room; and were soon asked by one of the most wicked and abandoned of the company, if we wanted a boat to go over to Calais? Being in high spirits, and willing to have some conversation with these amphibious brutes, one of us replied, "Though it was a very pleasing night, and we liked sailing extremely well, yet we had no great inclination to stand the chance of getting a belly full of salt water, it being esteemed a much better medicine in the morning." We were answered with "D---n my eyes, master, you a'n't the first better looking gentleman than you are, that would give their eyes to get over at this

this time of night !^{li} By this we imagined they took us either for forgers, murderers, or highwaymen. We freely gave them some liquor, and as freely entered into conversation with them; they as freely divulged the secrets of their chanel house. One of them told us a story of his villainy. He said, 'Last winter, about eleven o'clock, up a dark, stormy night, that blowed great guns enough to blow the devils head off, that one of these here gentlemen came down from London for forgery, and wanted a boat to go over to Calais; directly. We were down upon the sledge and best me; now was the time to do the thing well. We were fortunate had plenty of crop; and you may be sure, masters, we wou'dnt go over for nothing, so I ax'd the gentleman what he would give us. He said ten guineas to go off immediately. Upon this, 'Best me, says my companion, you may do as you please, Tom, but

d---n

down my eyes if I go for less than
twenty and a tub. This was what
Will called bearing up; at last the
gentleman agreed; for he said every
minute was almost as dear to him as
his life. By Gad master, and so I be-
lieved it was, for he seemed to be in
great fear, and a dead hurry; but
at last, out comes the quids, out of a
odd-long purse, separated from the
convoy of about a hundred more. I
winked my eye at Will, and said to
myself, Best me, but half that must
be ours; howsoever, the bargain
being struck, and the money paid
down, we got aboard of the boat,
and put off, the night as dark as pitch,
and blowed in perfect storm. When we had got half seas over,
Now master, says I to him, half
acres be a good corn, as the old saying
is, and you must share that long
purse with us. Why, says the gen-
tleman, I did not agree with you for
twenty

twenty guineas? You have received the money, and what can you desire more? 'D---n my eyes, says Will, as we are the means of your escaping, b---st me but I think we have as much right to the money as you have, so make no more disputes; if you do, by G-d we take it all, and you go over-board; why it is d---d bad weather, and who do you think's to stand all this, without being well paid, not I b---st me;' so with this he quietly gave up half the blunt, which was about fifty-four guineas."

He concluded his story, by saying they sat him on shore at Calais in the morning, as wet as a drowned rat. By this we were convinced of the honesty of these gentlemen of the furl, and took our leaves in a bumper of Holland's gin, which they obliged us to drink.

From this place we returned to our inn, drank a bottle of wine, and reflected on the wickedness and frailties of

of mankind, agreeing to set off for Calais the next morning, to see some of the *manœuvres des François*.

TUESDAY 25.

At eight A. M. all hands repaired on board, got under way, and came out of Dover harbour, in company with four packet and bye boats; on board one was his royal highness William duke of Gloucester, his dukes, child, and attendants, going to Italy; wind WSW. a light breeze; hoisted the jolly boat in.

At nine, bent large jibb, calm about an hour, then a pleasant breeze sprang up at WSW.

At ten came a-breast of his royal highness's boat; at twelve, Calais church bore SE. by S. and Blackhefs SW. wind as before.

At half past twelve, close a-breast of Calais pier-head; the wind changed to WNW. a pleasant breeze, set the cross jack; at half past two, a-breast of

of Gravelines, the church bearing SSE. got up top mast ; lights airs.

At seven made Dunkirk harbour ; got aground going in ; backed her off, and stood out to the northward, till the tide flowed more water.

At about eight shot the pier, and stood up the harbour ; all hands went on shore ; took quarters at the Flying-horse in *Rue de Jean*, supped, and drank Champagne till one, by way of welcome to the country.

WEDNESDAY 26.

This morning after Breakfast we amused ourselves with reconnoitering the town till dinner time ; found an excellent quay, and spacious market-place, and as it was the first dinner we had eaten in this country, can't help taking notice of the goodness of the fish and fowl.

The meat, I think, is not quite so rich in flavour as in England ; but we
made

made up all deficiencies in the eating way, by taking copious libations of Burgundy till six o'clock.

As generous wine, in an English constitution, generally creates a desire for women, we found out, by the assistance of a captain, who had been here some time, a house of pleasure; two *filles de joye* were introduced, with French wine, and one of these French fair ones spoke English tolerably well. This lady was a girl of mirth, and seemed well calculated to give joy over the bottle, and pleasure in private.

In these places, or indeed in any other, where wine exhilarates the spirits, and women give life to the conversation, the soul sometimes will express its joy by tones of sweet music, set to words commonly called a Song; this we felt the agreeable effects of, by the French girl's singing one, which she executed pleasingly and prettily; after this, she politely

D asked

asked which of the gentlemen would sing: upon this a very lusty, healthy looking gentleman, of about thirty, who by the appearance of his body bespoke a good roast beef constitution, and by his face, plenty, peace of mind, and chearfulness of disposition, hollowed out to a little fat faced fellow, with a scanty head of hair, and a smile upon his cheek, "Come give us the song you chaunted the other night at the Devil tavern;" then turning round to a slim gentleman in black, with a queue wig and a cast in his eye, "What do you say, Sir, must not Tom sing? Although he has not the best voice in the world, yet I think he will not displease the company."

The gentleman in mourning, with his usual politeness, got up, and told him, he was almost sure the song would please the company, and particularly oblige him; then silence was savagely bawled out by the captain,
and

TO CALAIS. 19

and the song was given; the words
were as follow:

S O N G.

Tune, Green grow the rushes, O.

I.

Lass and glass is my delight;
Let me have wine,
With women fine,
To keep it up both day and night.

II.

A song likewise I do enjoy;
Apollo's skill
Attend us still,
Since music doth all care destroy:

III.

Bacchus ne'er would flinch, not he;
So drunk he'd get,
He could not fit,
Tho' got by Jove and Semele.

IV.

The Cyprian queen was very fine ;
In heaven she
A toast would be,
And kiss'd by every male divine.

V.

With Bacchus, Pol, and Venus fair,
Come join with me,
And jolly be,
For now we'll kick away old Care.

The song being finished, he took a bumper of wine, and gave an extempore sentiment, which was, " May wit and good humour join with love, and dance the hey to the fiddle of friendship."

This he finished, then turned round, took two or three jig steps, and put the glass down to the tune of a cotillon. We can't dismiss this paragraph without making some remarks on the utility of toasts: whether dressed in the gaudy garments of levity, or in the more consequential robes of sentiment,

timent, either of these, if sensibly composed, generally gives some pleasure; the first enters light into the ear, takes two or three steps on the seat of the mind, and dances off with a smile on the cheek; the latter enters slowly, fixes on the basis of reason, and there continues till something of more consequence enters to displace it; and a toast, if decently delivered, and reasonably received, must have its proper effect, and add to the amusement of either private or public entertainments.

Now we were all in high glee, and seemed likely to be as happy as French wine and French women were capable of making us; but, Oh, sad disappointment! a quarrel ensuing between the captain and the landlord, put us all in confusion.

Here one of the company being hustled too near the fire-side, overset a stew-pan; this accident exposed the contents, which were cauliflowers
stewing

stewing for supper, and not an ounce of meat among them, a fine light French dish. The quarrel deprived us the pleasure of enjoying a French courtesan; so we came away, very unhappy at the disappointment.

As a contrast to the above house of amorous amusement, we entered a house of religion, which appears to be the principal church, and stands next to the market-place; we were not ashamed of this transition, as we find it is the fashion of the country, first to sin and then to pray.

We viewed the plate and pictures, in both which their churches abound; some of their pictures were middling, others very bad; the best we saw in this church was a large one of the resurrection; who was the master we could not learn: then returned to our hotel.

This evening we concluded with a fish supper, and went to bed about midnight.

THURS-

T H U R S D A Y 27.

In the morning after breakfast agreed to take a walk, to dine at a place called Berg, about five miles up the country, by the side of a fine cut of water, well furnished with fish: we came to this place about one o'clock, and found it a clean neat town, with a good market-place; we went to a coffee-house on the parade, but not a news-paper to be seen; here we refreshed ourselves with coffee and cordial, and afterwards went to an inn to dinner; they introduced a Flemish stew of ducks, peas, and pigeons, which they think fine eating, but we were of a different opinion, choosing rather to have this feathered kind of food roasted than stewed, therefore eat very little.

For the second course, mutton à la mode, which we eat with a better appetite than the other, and by way of epilogue

epilogue to the piece, a dish of apricots and gooseberries; for it seems here they will have a desert, if it is but a fol of apples and half a pound of Flemish cherries.

The wine we got at this place was very good and cheap. After dinner we took a walk round the town, went into a church and heard vespers; here we saw and heard what amazed us, fiddles accompanied with boys singing light airs of music, introduced in the service; one of these airs we thought something similar to the tune of the Black Joker; but we can't help thinking it a pleasant way of passing off religious ceremonies; paid three small pieces of money for the use of chairs, and came away. Having passed an agreeable evening at our hotel, and went to rest about one in the morning.

Here a song was given by a gentleman, written to the tune of the epilogue long in Shakspeare's Twelfth Night.

FRIDAY 28.

This morning after breakfast walked down to the sea side, and viewed the ruinous fortifications destroyed by treaty, which are at the entrance of the harbour; then amused ourselves by seeing the soldiers relieve guard in the market-place, who by the way are not so despicable as represented in England, they being clean and young.

We returned to our inn to dinner, and about five o'clock we walked down to the harbour, and paid a visit to our little vessel. We found alongside some gentlemen from London, who came over in a Gravesend boat: having the pleasure of knowing one of the company, we joined them, filled bowls and brought out bottles, sang songs, drank toasts, and were jolly. Here a song was given by a gentleman, written to the tune of the epilogue song in Shakespeare's Twelfth Night,

E

and

and this among the rest having never before been seen in print, to give it the reader I presume will not displease.

S O N G.

I.

This life's a stage, as Poets say,
Mankind to shew we all do know;
The wit sometimes the fool will play,
For Nature will to folly go.

II.

The fools are not content to laugh;
Oh, no, no, no, fit will not do
Like men of wit to joke and quaff,
But find out follies rare and new.

III.

The Buck inflamed with wine will roar,
Hollow, hollow, above, below,
For bottles fill'd, and lasses more;
To folly, health and cash must go.

IV.

and this among the rest having never before been seen in print, to give it

The Macchioni comes in taste,
Long hair to shew, with short couteau,
No skirts to coat, so long the waist,
This fool of fools we all must know.

V.

The merchant and the tradesman too,
So smuggly tries, for fear of spies,
With love and cash to miss will go;
The fool his pleasure dearly buys,

VI.

The mistress gay in keeping plac'd,
To come or go it must be so,
With carriage gilt, and footmen lac'd;
Some fool must pay, we all do know.

VII.

The wench that yields to lover's sighs,
With fye; Oh, oh! Why do you so?
With heavy heart and weeping eyes
Will say, I am fool'd, why did I so?

at seven went aboard a passage
 boat, and at eleven came to a village
 called Bery. By high and low, tis even so;
 To sense we all presume and boast,
 But nature will to folly go.

The song being finished, glasses
 were filled, and an extempore toast
 given by one of the company, which
 was, if I remember right, "May in-
 solence travel the road of ridicule, and
 ignorance stand melancholy as a mile-
 stone." Now, men merry, and flags
 flying, we mounted our swivels, and
 saluted each other. Here the com-
 mandant forbid us firing, which we
 thought a taxation on English liberty.
 We all came on shore about nine
 o'clock, and each company went to
 their respective inns; having agreed
 to set off for St. Omer's next morning.

SATURDAY 29.

At six this morning we were called,
 in order to embark for St. Omer's;

at

at seven went on board a passage boat, and at eleven came to a village called Bery Berg, where the passengers always dine, but by the way we thought it a very early dinner time; five or six dishes were served up in the French taste.

Here were two holy fathers in company; one of them an Englishman, of the order of Ricolets, and the other a superior of the Carmelites, with three more Frenchmen, very agreeable company.

At half past twelve we got into the passage boat, and found on board the Marquis of Beaufort, his lady, two sons, who were officers, two daughters, and an English elderly sagacious looking gentlemen, playing back gammon with the marquis, the ladies singing and playing on the guittar, and the youngest son knitting a hood; this we thought rather *petit* for an officer, or indeed any thing else in a mas-

a masculine shape, but however there is no accounting for national customs.

In this water vehicle, the company, ladies as well as gentlemen, seemed very free and unaffected, in a vein of gaiety, and the pleasing tones of the ladies singing, worked the passions of the gentlemen up to a pitch of musical merriment, and they began to amuse themselves alternately with a song.

The Frenchmen sung French, and the Englishmen songs of their own country language.

It went round till it came to the marquis's friend, who by his venerable aspect, and sound delivery of sentiment, we imagined to be an English clergyman, which conjecture was right, he being on a visit to the French marquis.

Being asked to sing, he said he could not, but he had in his pocket a whimsical production in manuscript, written about two years ago by his son

Charles,

Charles, who is now a student at Jesus college, Cambridge, and if any one of the English gentlemen would be so kind as to sing it, as it is written to an old familiar tune, it will not be difficult, and perhaps may give some entertainment to the company; it was handed about for some time to hear who would sing it; one said he did not know the tune; another said he did not understand what it meant, which indeed was not amazing, as it seems to be a mongrel piece, and I think it appears to be a bastard production by a Roman schoolmaster and an English cook.

This observation was whispered aside, lest the old gentleman should be offended. It came at last into the hands of our fat-faced friend, who viewed it with a kind of supercilious, yet sort of significant look, and hum'd softly to himself, "What are all these! Prepositions, subject new, tune old, and termination Latin!" Then looked

looked at the old gentlemen very seriously, and said, "Before I attempt to sing these prepositions, will you give me leave to put in one supposition?" "Certainly, Sir," "Then suppose I should make a mistake in the Latin word; at the end of each verse, will you set me right?" "On yes, Sir, with pleasure," replied the old gentleman; then our friend with shaking hand and trembling voice, for he has some modesty about him at times, began to the tune of, *In story we are told.*

S O N G.

I.
VI.

Each poet who writes,
To the public indites,
And exposes his new compositions;
My muse I'll obey,
A tribute to pay,
In behalf of a few prepositions.

The first in the state,
That sweeps in the plate,
To fill coffers as deep as the sea;
Tho' he comes north about,
He'll not be left out,
But views all the courtiers a—*prae.*

III.

By way of a text,
The clergy are next,
With fat livings and tythe of each creature;
But they not content,
Tho' in luxury bent,
Are uneasy to get something—a—*prater.*

IV.

The lawyer so grave,
Each fortune to save,
With quibble his client will hum;
With insipid chat,
He will talk this and that,
But his pleading is all a—*circum.*

III
V

The physician so great,
With his powdered pate,
The distemper he thinks to allay,
With medicines fit,
The disorder to hit,
But death proves the thing an—*extra*.

XI
VI

The army so bold,
In scarlet and gold,
Of valour and skill often boast;
But this they acquire,
Without smoke or fire,
To be happy and snug in a—*post*.

X
VII.

The poets they say
Will write night and day,
And scandal on great men bestow;
If severely they lash,
Only tip them the cask,
And contra is soon turned to pro.

VII.

In places of skill,
That coxcombs do fill,
Where oftentimes sits a young cub;
But what they wou'd do,
I'll leave it to you,
If they had not an—in or a sub.

IX.

The coquette and the prude,
May both be subdued,
If men would but boldly advance;
With love's altercation,
Destroy affectation,
And melt them to—*subter, cum, trans.*

X.

The mistress so gay,
To her lordship will say,
That fifty *per* month is but scanty;
How happy she'd be,
With a tythe of that fee,
If she wou'd but reflect on an—*ante.*

to shew the sublime judgment of
these holy fathers; this is the only

XI.

At Boston of late,

They have altered its state,

The provincials they call a low mob:

Then greatly I fear,

Worse things will appear,

If there comes not an *inter-lad-gh*

XII.

As life is but short,

Let's fill it with sport,

And keep it up merry and free

For do all we can,

And use the best plan,

We must all make an *ex, ab, or de*

The song being done, the company
thanked the clergyman, and paid a
great compliment to the whimsical
production of his son Charles.

At three o'clock we stopped at a
village called Wattan, near which, on
a hill, is a place where the English
jesuits formerly had a residence; and

to

to shew the sublime judgment of these holy fathers, this is the only pleasant situation on an eminence we have seen, since we left Dunkirk.

The marquis's carriage and four horses met him here, to take him and family to his castle or country seat, about two leagues from this place; they took their leaves very politely.

At half past five came to St. Omer's; debarked with the English holy father, who was polite enough to recommend and attend us to an inn, the sign of the *Canon d'or*, in *Rue de Tenne*; the father drank part of a bottle with us, and very respectfully took leave with an invitation to his convent.

At seven, viewed the town and visited several churches; the cathedral being the principal, went to it, and were attended by the porter to see the inside; it is a neat edifice in the Gothic style. In

In this cathedral there is a very rich and elegant shrine dedicated to St. Omer, made of silver, the workmanship only cost two thousand *Louis d'or*; a time piece made in England, with changes of the moon and signs of the zodiac, reckoned an excellent piece; here is also an elegant organ, and an exceeding fine painting, representing the taking down of our Saviour from the cross, which we suppose must be thought one of the best pieces of that excellent master Rubens. Returned to the inn and spent the evening sociably.

SUNDAY 30.

Arose about nine, breakfasted and sent for *friseur*, in order to appear decent on the Sabbath, in a country where we thought this day was particularly set aside for religious uses: But how great our surprize! when returning from mass, which we attend-

ed this day, we saw the people playing drafts and back-gammon in the open streets.

A circumstance of nastiness happened this day in cookery, which is almost past believing; being tired of stews, fricasees, &c. we had an inclination to eat something in the English style of dressing, besides their stews and kickshaws, which they will intrude upon us; so we ordered a fowl, pickled pork and greens; after walking we came home to dinner; soup *santé* was the first thing introduced, which by the way was but *maigre*, there not being meat enough to make it good; the next was boiled eggs, salad and fish; among the rest was some stewed Tench, the best we ever eat: at last comes the fowl, foul enough indeed, for it was neither trussed, the head taken off, or the guts taken out, and we were amazed they had either secency or sensibility to take off the feathers before they put it in the pot.

They

They would not even deign us a relish, the pork being fresh and boiled to rags, served up in a terrine full of water with the mashed cabbage, which I suppose they meant to introduce by way of a new fashioned mess, called *soup de swine*; sent it away with three English dams to all Flemish cooks, and the wine being but indifferent, we made a very bad dinner.

Our specie running short, we were at a loss to get change for a bank-note; we employed ourselves most part of the afternoon going about to merchants to get it changed, and were under dismal apprehensions we should not get it changed at all, but at last found out a banker that furnished us with the *Louis d'or* and *livres* which made us happy.

At seven o'clock, went to see a French, or as they call it an Italian comedy, we found the performance much better than we expected. At

T O C A L A I S. 41

nine the play being ended, returned to hotel to supper; here another mistake happened in cookery; so we ordered some eggs boiled, which we thought the only things they could not spoil; and to aggravate the matter, they had not a bottle of good wine in the house, to help us to digest the foul ideas we had received from the above disagreeable mistakes of Flemish cookery.

At about twelve we went to bed, not satisfied, weary of staying at this d----d nasty inn, where they spoil the victuals in order to make it good; resolved to set off for Calais next morning.

M O N D A Y 31.

This morning after breakfast we provided a carriage, called a Carrosse, or French chariot, exceedingly clumsy indeed, with almost as much timber as is in one of our broad wheel waggons, drawn by two maigre horses, with rope harness, *foutre carrosse*.

G

At

At ten o'clock set off for Calais; the road pleasant, with a pavement of stones in the middle, and trees on each side, and the land seemed very well cultivated with wheat, barley, oats, clover, tobacco, hemp, and flax; the rivers and cuts were well stocked with fish.

At one o'clock came to a small village, where we alighted at a little wine house to refresh ourselves. I can't help describing the sign of this little cabin, the wood of it being about three times bigger than a square trencher, painted with blue and red strokes and black dots, to appear like wood pan-tiles and windows, and this was to represent one of the first cities in Flanders, and called *la ville de Lille*; but what was most whimsical, at the bottom was written in French, a line which at present escapes memory, and a translation under it, by way of invitation to English passengers, which I cannot forget being so very foolish, it was, & G

“ Good

T O C A L A I S 43

Good entertainment for horse and foot.

Had we been on horseback, we might have thought it had been a reflection on us, and make us of opinion that they deemed every Englishman a fool who came that way. We told the

landlord the impropriety of abusing his customers that came to his house on horseback, he very sensibly replied,

“The painter was the fool!” by this we found it was meant,

Good entertainment for horse and foot:

but the stupid fellow of a painter had made a mistake in the last letter of the word foot, and had made it an l, instead of a t.

Here we refreshed ourselves with some roast pigeons and wine; then set off for Calais. We were soon after stoppt at a gate by some officers, who searched our carriage: from this gate we entered Picardy, or France proper; the farther we advanced towards Calais, we found the ground

less cultivated than in Flanders or
Artois. ^{was more benioi or waits}

At five o'clock we came to a re-
markable stone bridge, with four sides,
and an arch on each side, which was
erected on the centre of a cross in two
rivers, which take you to four dif-
ferent places, ^{viz. to} Calisey St. Is
Omer, Dunkirk, and Arras.

At six o'clock came to Calais, went
as by recommendation to an hotel,
called the Court of London; took re-
freshment, and afterwards walked
down to the pier-heads and looked in
the offing for our little barque, in which
we expected round by this time from
Dunkirk, but she was not arrived;
left the pier-head and viewed the
town and works; took a peep into
one of their churches, but found it like
their land, not quite so clean and cle-
ver as in the other countries.

At nine o'clock returned to our
hotel. Here we found some gentle-
men just arrived from London in one
of

of the packet boats, and were going to Paris, who joined company, and supped with us; the cloth being drawn, and the table furnished with full bottles and empty glasses, each man filled the latter with wine, and gave the toast, which in England is always drunk in a bumper, and here wants no explanation. Now as wine circling makes conversation flow, we, though now birds of passage, would wish to be intelligent beings, for in this country, or at least where we have been, you may as well look for a virtuous priest, or a chaste abbess, as a news-paper; so we consequently asked our countrymen, the news circulating in the metropolis of England. They told us, that American matters were the chief camp of conversation, and that some people looked upon the Yankees to be a ridiculous rout of rebellious rascals, while others thought them an innocent and injured set of provoked provincials. Here each

man

man gave his different opinion, as he always the way in these matters, till at last two of the gentlemen came to high words, and put the whole company in confusion; but a reconciliatory toast being proposed, and the participants possessed with some degree of pacific understanding, very sensibly dropt the subject, and heard the toast, which was, *May a manly method of modulating matters attend all difficult cases.*

After the toast, which each man drank in a bumper, the conversation turned very agreeably on many subjects, but was often interrupted by one of the company, who would throw in his scraps of French every now and then; but what made us laugh at this fellow, was his mode of speaking it, not according to the pronunciation of the French, but as you would readily read it. I can't describe it better on paper, because to write the mode would lose the effect: but

happy

happy for the company, he got drunk and fell asleep.

One of the company enquired if Mr. Foote's new piece, called A Trip to Calais, was out yet; he was answered, "No; it was stopped by the intercession of the Dutchess of Kingston, who thought herself scandalized and ill used, therefore applied to the Lord Chamberlain, and had influence enough with that nobleman to prevent a licence for the piece, which," says he, "I suppose must be a mental punishment, attended with a pecuniary disappointment; a mental punishment, that a woman should cramp his genius; and a pecuniary disappointment, which may circumscribe his pleasures."

We had some discourse about this great author's writings; the stile, beauties, and peculiarities, seeming all to agree, if we may be allowed judges, that his Devil upon Sticks was the best devil that ever possessed him, and that

it was a wondrous work of wit, attended by the fire of sense and satire.

Here one of the gentlemen made an observation, and pointed out a peculiarity in Mr. Foot's writings, which in general, I believe, is esteemed a beauty, and called aliteration; the longest he makes use of, is in the Mayor of Garrat, where Mrs. Sneak calls Jerry, a poor, paltry, prying, pitiful, pin-maker. One of the company said it put him in mind of two lines of Mr. Pitt's, an eminent author, and taken notice of in Colley Cibber's lives of the poets; it was written on Cardinal Wolley, and runs thus:

“ Begot by butchers but by bishops bred;

“ How high his honour holds his haughty head.”

Here a gentleman observed it was a long one, but that would appear but very short, compared to one of a great-length. He was asked if he knew a longer; “ O yes, Sir, one twelve times as long; for a friend of mine wrote one

last

last winter; and because he would be thought a man of letters, he has gone through the alphabet with it, and calls it

AN ALPHABETICAL ALITERATION."

The company said they should be very glad to hear it recited. He said, if his memory did not deceive his good wishes to oblige, he would give it directly; and told us it was a song written to the old English tune of *Down, down, down, derry down*; and hoped the novelty of the matter might engage the attention of the company, and shade the attempt of an indifferent finger; he then began.

S O N G.

I.

All angry assertions are absolute airs,
By blockheads begot, being boisterous bears;
Chear claiming candour conciliating came,
Detecting detraction, disgrace did disclaim.

H

Every

IV.

II.

Every entity entering endanger endures,
 From fierce flaming foibles folly's figures,
 Go gendering guiltiness gentleness girt,
 Heaviness healing have honesty's heart.

III.

Innocence injuring is ignobly ill,
 Kindness keep kindling ken'd knavery kill,
 Left lowering langour look liker loving,
 Make minds moderator man's modern moving.

IV.

No nominal notes, no negative nay,
 Of original orthodox, oh, only *outré*,
 Pitiful poison, passions poor pest,
 Quill quirking quarrelling quandomly quest.

V.

Reason remembering reflection renews,
 Such sensible subject sensibility shews,
 To temperate textures thy tenor thus turn
 Vananinity use unto union's urn.

Wonderful

VI.

Wonderful woman with wiseman wou'dbe,
 Xantippe, Xenophon, Xerxes, Xanthe;
 Yonder yolk'd Yoricks yon yesterdays yield
 Zodiacly zested & zealously zeal'd.

The song being ended, the company
 applauded it, and said they thought
 it a very hard and whimsical novelty to
 write.

Here a person got up with a bumper in hand, and said, "I will try to give you an extempore aliteration by way of toast, but do not laugh at me, if it should not happen to be a good one." "O no, by no means, Sir, we should be happy to hear a toast, and we will be jolly for half an hour."

Then he gave, "May Momus murder melancholy, and Saturn sit fighting."

This put an end to all serious conversation, and we laid strong seige to bottle, toast and song, till about two, and then retired to our respective bed-

chambers, to enjoy the sweets of a morning's repose.

TUESDAY the 1st of August.

This morning after breakfast went down to the pier-head, to look for our little vessel, saw her working down to harbour; went to the hotel, paid the bill, and prepared to sail this day for England. After dinner we sent a tub of brandy and other necessaries on board, for sea store.

At about half after two all hands went on board. A person came down and demanded port charges; paid him half a guinea, which we thought rather too much for our small frigate; got under way to go out of harbour, but the wind shifting right a head, and blowing fresh, did not chuse to stand the chance of being at sea all night, therefore came up the harbour again.

At half past three debarked, and went to see a nunnery. In a room here,

here, was a fine picture of a female penitent, but something damaged by accident. We bought some trinkets of the lady abbess, who by the way seems to have about her more art than religion, and then took leave of the convent.

At about five, took a walk out of town, met numbers of people returning from a fair, held about two leagues up the country; returned to our hotel at nine, had an agreeable supper, and retired to rest about midnight, fully resolved to take leave of Calais the next morning.

WEDNESDAY 2.

We were called this morning at half past three, to embark for England.

At four all hands on board, got under way, and sailed out of Calais harbour with a gentle breeze at SW.

At

At eight weathered the south head of the Goodwin sands; a rowling sea, got down mainsail, and set the cross jack. At ten a-breast of Deal town.

At noon came a-breast of the North Foreland light house; the wind shifting, hawled down cross jack, and set double reef mainsail.

At half past one came into Margate harbour. All hands went on shore to an inn, and dined; amused ourselves with walking till seven, and then went to the play-house to see the Busy Body and the Lying Valet. Returned to our inn, and retired to bed about one in the morning.

THURSDAY 3.

This morning all hands turned out about nine, breakfasted, and afterwards amused ourselves till dinner time on the sea beach getting shell fish. After dinner took a walk to Kingsgate with

with some company we joined at the inn.

At this place is a country seat, with a fine view of the sea, surrounded with a picturesque prospect of artificial ruins, lately belonging to the right hon. Henry lord Holland. We went to the sign of the Capt. Digby, amused ourselves, playing at trap-ball, and drinking arrack punch, it being so exceeding good that we could not part with it till eight o'clock; then went home by the sea side on the sandy beach, under tremendous cliffs of chalk, and came to our inn at nine; supped and went to bed about twelve, intending to set off when the tide served next morning for London.

FRIDAY 4.

This morning turned out about seven, and took a walk till breakfast time down to the bathing places, and by

by the number of sick and lame people we met crawling and limping about the town, a person would suppose this place was the Kentish maritime hospital, for sick and lame tradesmen of the city and suburbs of London.

At ten all hands went on board, and sailed out of harbour under a double reef mainsail and third jibb, with a fresh breeze at SW by W.

At eleven went through the Narrows.

At half after one passed by the Nore; the wind veering more westerly.

At seven came to an anchor in Gravesend road, off the Falcon back door, and went on shore to this inn.

Looking over the rails, in a little paved yard, at the back of the house, that commands a prospect of the shipping, and talking about indifferent matters, a grave elderly gentleman in black, with a large white wig, and seemed by the consequence of his external index,

index, to possess an internal volume of learning and sensibility, leaning over the rails, at the same time joined conversation with us, and gave us a real proof of what we presumptively thought.

While we were talking, a young gentleman came into the yard, playing with a little black and white spaniel dog; the lad was about fourteen years of age, a very handsome youth indeed, which made us take notice of him. "Yes, Sir," said the old gentleman, "that child belongs to me, and although I am not immediately his parent, yet having the care and instruction of him in his infancy, I can't help considering him as my own. He is heir to two thousand a year in Cheshire, and his uncle, who is still living, is determined to make him as profound and good a scholar as any in Europe; and intends sending him to Italy, under
I der

der my tuition, to study the dead languages.”

“How, Sir,” says one of the company, with a tone of admiration, “what, send him to Italy!” “Yes, Sir,” replied the other, “there is clear air, good foil, rich fruit, and fine wine.”

“It is very true, Sir; but if I might presume to give my advice, I would have him stay where he is.”

“Stay where he is!” says the old one in surprize, laying the emphasis strong upon stay; “Yes, Sir,” answered the other, “for I think there’s not a better place in Europe than Gravesend, for a man to study the dead languages.”

At this the old gentleman, who had not sworn an oath, I suppose, these twenty years, muttered out, “D---n your punning,” and turned round to run away, but accidentally came against a lusty gentleman’s fat belly, which recoiled the old man against a slim gentleman in black, and was very
near

near pushing him down; but at last he made his escape, while the silly fellow that made the pun, stood laughing at his own nonsense and their confusion.

Here we staid all night, and were very well treated.

SATURDAY 5.

This morning after breakfast took a walk up the windmill-hill, till near twelve o'clock.

At noon, it being low water, prepared for sailing to London. All hands got on board, and came to sail with a light breeze at SW.

At four P. M. came a-breast of the half-way house, and at eight safe arrived at our moorings a little above Blackfriars-bridge. Here many of our friends came on board, and were very glad to see us safe returned, they thinking it a service of danger to go to sea in so small a boat. After drinking a bumper

bumper of French brandy all together,
we went ashore, and were jolly, not
at all displeased with our short but
pleasant Trip to Calais.

At this morning after breakfast took a
walk up the windmill hill, till near
twelve o'clock.

At noon it being low water, fore-
pared for taking the boat. All hands

got on board, and were to sail with a
light breeze at 2 P.M.

At four P.M. came a burst of the
rain, and the boat was not able to

move. After waiting a while above
Blackburn's bridge, there came a party of our

friends came on board, and the boat was
able to move.

At five o'clock a service of dinner was
served in to sail a boat. After

waiting a while, the boat was
able to move.

